

SILVER AND CLAY - SIDES

The sheriff wakes up, startled. But it's quiet, only the fire crackling. Bryant is asleep and so is Wilson, drooling on his notepad.

Clay turns to see Silver, awake, leaning against the wagon wheel, away from the fire. He gets up and joins him.

CLAY

I'll take over. Get some sleep.

SILVER

Eh. I don't do much of that anymore.

CLAY

I figured the older you get the more tired you are.

SILVER

Tired is one thing. Rest, that's something else.

Silver takes out a paper to roll.

CLAY

Roll me one.

Silver grins: if you say so.

CLAY

I've been thinking.

SILVER

About going back.

Clay: you know almost everything don't you.

SILVER

And you're not going to.

Clay: everything. Silver hands him the rolled cigarette and finishes rolling his own.

CLAY

You've been doing some thinking of your own.

Silver puts the cigarette between his lips.

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SILVER

Some.

He strikes the match.

CLAY

Tell me.

He lights the sheriff's cigarette and then his own, flicks the match out into the dirt. He inhales and blows out a puff of smoke, watching it go into the dark. Clay does the same, holding a cough back.

SILVER

About nothing of importance.

CLAY

Terrance?

SILVER

What about him?

CLAY

You think we should bring him in?

SILVER

I don't know.

CLAY

He killed an unarmed man. That's breaking a law, no matter how you look at it.

Silver smokes.

SILVER

Not his law.

Clay: confused.

SILVER

Some men make their own.

CLAY

Don't we call those men criminals?

SILVER

Most of them.

Silver: contemplative. Clay: unsettled.

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SILVER

Your light's gone out.

Clay doesn't know what he means for a second then sees the end of his cigarette gone dead. Silver takes his and gives it a new fire.

CLAY

Thanks.

He smokes, getting used to the taste.

SILVER

I see the world sort of like this wagon wheel I'm leaning on. It's always turning and... some of us are hanging on the outside, spinning, letting the world drag us around and around. Other men... they're the center, the wheel moves but they remain still, always.

Silver taps his ashes in the dirt.

SILVER

That's the kind of man I believe this Terrance to be.

He smokes.

SILVER

We're all trying to make it to the center. Most of us at least.

He smiles at Clay and finishes his cigarette. Clay sees that he's let his go dead again. He drops it in the dirt.

CLAY

Am I on the outside?

SILVER

That's something you can only tell for yourself.

Silver struggles to get up. He stretches.

SILVER

Gonna shut my eyes for an hour or two. Wake the boy. He'll watch.

CLAY

No. I can do it.

SILVER
Goodnight, sheriff.

CLAY
Goodnight.